



[flocked] Live through this, and you won't look back--



Chaz

 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2008-04-23 12:26:00

MOOD: 🟢 ambiguous

MUSIC: Billy Idol - Then The Night Comes

There is very little in this world that can't be fixed by a big glass of milk, and a box of cinnamon graham crackers.

That begs an explanation, doesn't it? And it seems unreasonably mean to make you ask.

...so I broke up with Tasha last night.

I'd, you know. Known something was up. For a while.

So I asked. And asked, and asked. Subject was evasive. Mad profiler skillz were brought to bear.

Says she, "It's not about you." Says me, "It's about that guy at work." Says she, "It's a crush. It'll pass." Says me, "It's more than a crush, kid." Says she, "I'm not going to dump you for him. That would be tacky. And wrong." Says me, "Did we make a long-term commitment while I wasn't looking?"

Says she, "..."

Says me, "Well?"

Says she, "But this is going really well. We have fun. We like the same stuff. We never fight. We never get in each other's shit. We never--"

Says me, "--act like we're invested?"

Says she, "Shit."

Says me, "It's too late to drive home. Come to bed. We'll break up in the morning, and then you can go to work looking wistful

and sad, and what's-his-name--"

Says she, "Michael."

Says me, "I knew that."

Says she, " :-) Of course you did. :-)"

Says me, "What's-his-name will ask you what happened and you can tell him you stayed over your boyfriend's place last night and he dumped you before work this morning and he will get to feel all rescuey. It'll be a bonding experience. And then he can go nuts with jealousy every time we go climbing. It'll keep him interested if he thinks there's competition."

Says she, "You're asking me to give up a pretty good thing on a gamble."

Says me, "No gamble."

Says she, "You know something I don't know?"

Says me, "Yeah. If it doesn't work out, you can come back."

Says she, "..."

Says me, "It's not like a firing for *cause*."

Says she, "..."

Says me, "And you have to admit, we get along great. And the sex is pretty good."

Says she, "..."

Says me, "Yes?"

Says she, "*Pretty* good?"

Says me, "Well, you *are* pining after other men."

Says she, "I am so hiring you to run my congressional campaign."

I am surprisingly okay with it. Except maybe for the part where my career in politics is now assured....



Three things!

1) Okay, O., She Wants Revenge = yes. It's like the Eighties rose up from the grave and came looking

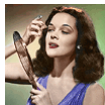
Experimental Whole Wheat Green Chile Robot Bread #1

Yes, baking with your hands is more fun. And the results have a better texture, and taste better.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

58 comments



 Ometotchtli

April 23 2008, 16:50:49 UTC

COLLAPSE

Well, phuque.

Bheers tonight, then?



 cvillette

April 23 2008, 16:51:07 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oh, I should very much think so.



 saoba

April 23 2008, 17:32:58 UTC

COLLAPSE

There is very little in this world that can't be fixed by a big glass of milk, and a box of cinnamon graham crackers.

If I were closer I'd *make* you cookies. That sounds tough but you both handled it with grace.



 cvillette

April 23 2008, 17:36:02 UTC

COLLAPSE

If you were closer, I would *eat* your cookies.

It is officially my weirdest breakup story.



 saoba

April 24 2008, 06:11:21 UTC

COLLAPSE

And now it's much later (cue the stock footage of a clock's hands whirring around) I just thought I'd stick my head back in and say 'thinking about you, in a friendly albeit mildly concerned way'. Because breakups can be disorienting and because, oh I don't know, you might be out of graham crackers by now.

True story: my youngest sibling, being the last of four kids in a five year age span, didn't talk much. Didn't need to, mostly because he could just point and one of the rest of us would try to figure out what the baby wanted.

So he could basically say mama, dada, nanny, my name and- honey cookie. He was a fiend for graham crackers.

One morning, he would have been nearly three, he was demanding honey cookies and was told we were all out. But that once the rest of us were on the school bus our mother would take him over to the neighbor's house and ask if they had any honey cookies. He headed for the back door.

My mother pointed out he was still in his pjs and we do not go to the neighbors house in our pjs. She then, and this was a critical error on her part, left the kitchen to supervise the coats and boots dance.

Did I mention it was Michigan? In the winter?

Bus comes. The phone is ringing. As she picks up the kitchen phone she realizes the back door is wide open and there is a set of yellow footie pjs by the back door. And a trail, of not *exactly* foot prints because the snow must have come up to his chubby little thighs, leading to the neighbor's back door.

She picks up the phone and the neighbor is on the line laughing so hard she cannot speak. She said later she'd opened the door to find a small, naked, somewhat blue with cold toddler on her steps chanting 'Honey! Cookies! Honey! Cookies!' through chattering teeth. Gotta admire his determination. Mother spent the rest of the day teaching him the 'we must have on pants to go get honey cookies' rule.



[cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 12:54:45 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh. Did he grow up to be an arctic explorer?

If we must have pants on to get honey cookies, I fear I broke a cardinal rule last night around bedtime.

Does it count if you don't leave the house?



[saoba](#)

[April 24 2008, 19:25:32 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

Second attempt at reply.

Pants (typo: pats) are required only if one leaves the house in pursuit of honey cookies. What one


gets up to with honey cookies in the privacy of one's home is no one else's business. That's one of the things which makes this country great.

He grew up to be a liquor salesman. In Florida. For some reason he didn't care much for snow.


 [cvillette](#)
[April 25 2008, 00:51:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I would say, "Native intelligence?" but obviously not....




 [fidelioscabinet](#)
[April 23 2008, 17:43:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It is a far, far better thing you did--maybe, but it still really sucks. With little frills of suckitude around the edges, even.

 [cvillette](#)
[April 23 2008, 17:57:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


But someday, the President of the United States of America will *really, really* owe me.

 Deleted comment

 [cvillette](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:01:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


My new goal in life is driving this guy absolutely out of his skin.

I'm pretty sure that doesn't make me a bad person. And if it does, I don't care at all.


 [trollcatz](#)
[April 23 2008, 23:13:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Based on what I've heard her say about the concept of the Executive Order, I don't think she wants the Oval Office. (Or maybe, based on that, she *does*.) Otherwise, honey, better keep up your bowtie skills.
g

That was *really* well done. Next time, *you* can do the grownup advice. *g*


 [cvillette](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:02:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

How about if I make the pained faces instead? Advice: this is entirely too much trouble to go to for breakup sex.

 [trollcatz](#)
[April 24 2008, 04:25:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, that depends on the breakup sex...




 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 23 2008, 20:09:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'd bring you cake if it wasn't such a long drive.
You did good, and I'm proud of you, and it sucks.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:03:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Even though you hate baking cake?

Thank you.

It's secretly all for the Angry Kitteh. She won't tolerate other women in my life.



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 24 2008, 04:18:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ah. U R monogamouse.




 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:06:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

squeak




 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 24 2008, 09:24:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yep! You are one of the Privileged Few.
We must all bow before Angry Kitteh and admit that we are not worthy.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 24 2008, 10:10:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Also, for one of my favorite climbers, [a webcomic strip that takes place on a Wall](#). (No, the rest of the comic does not involve climbing.)



 [themaskmaker](#)

[April 23 2008, 22:11:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ouch. *hands you another sleeve of graham crackers*



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:07:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(I'm on my third box.)
(Food is like therapy, but cheaper.)



 [glinda_w](#)

[April 24 2008, 04:33:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ooooh, cinnamon graham crackers and milk. Even better than my favorite rainy-day comfort food (cream of tomato soup and a grilled cheddar sandwich).

I'm impressed with how well you've handled it. And three boxes of graham crackers isn't all that much, compared to the quantities of chocolate I've consumed for similar reasons...



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:05:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Singlehandedly, I support the American dairy industry.



 [themaskmaker](#)

[April 24 2008, 18:13:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And pleasanter.



[postholedigger](#)

[April 24 2008, 00:21:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Gawd I wish my boyfriends had dumped me with half that grace. Sorry.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:08:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"Sorry."

Yeah, me too.

::Passes graham crackers::



[beatriceeagle](#)

[April 24 2008, 00:42:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

:(

Would you like e-hugs? E-cookies? Cheesy jokes?

Anything I can do to cheer you up from my current, pixelated position.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:09:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

All of the above?

I'm good. Or if I am not good, I'm too busy being manly to admit it. (Hah! I can hear you laughing *all the way over here.*)

 [beatriceeagle](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:15:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

hugs

cookies

And the joke:

What do you do with a dog with no legs?

Take it out for a drag.

What do you do with two dogs with no legs?

Take them out for a drag race.

As for manliness, it's *highly* overrated.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:27:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

What do you name a dog with no legs?

Nothing. It can't come when you call it.



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:33:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I have reached the limit of perverse jokes which are unoffensive to people. Thus I give you:

What did the zero say to the eight?

"Nice belt."

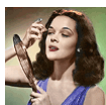


 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:37:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Why is six afraid of seven?

Because seven ate nine.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:38:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Do *not* make me break out the dead baby jokes. Or the Mommy Mommy jokes.

Does anybody tell Mommy Mommy jokes anymore? Kids these days.....

 [beatriceeagle](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:39:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Why do little ducks walk softly?

Because little ducks can't walk, hardly.

 [Ometotchtli](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:43:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mommy, Mommy, why are the other kids running away?

Shut up and reload!

 [beatriceeagle](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:46:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


What's worse than ten dead babies in a bucket?

One dead baby in ten buckets.

 [Ometotchtli](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:51:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


How many babies does it take to tar a roof?

Depends how thin you slice them.


 [beatriceeagle](#)
[April 24 2008, 02:58:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

How do you make a dead baby float?


Take your foot off its head.

 [cvillette](#)
[April 24 2008, 03:02:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You two are gonna make me pull this internet over, aren't you?

 [beatriceeagle](#)
[April 24 2008, 03:10:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Can we buy a joke book while we're stopped? I'm running out of material.

 [trollcatz](#)
[April 24 2008, 04:26:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But Mommy, Mommy, I hate my sister's guts!

Shut up and finish your dinner.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 24 2008, 09:27:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I think the best I can add is Pagan Lightbulb Jokes. I'm not sure it's the right audience, but I could try.

How many Druids does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Druids don't screw in lightbulbs, they screw in stone circles!

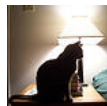


 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:02:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

How many mice does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Two.



 [txanne](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:36:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But I couldn't tell you how they got in there.

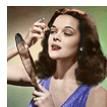


 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 25 2008, 01:54:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

How many Witches does it take to change a lightbulb?

Depends on what you want to change it into...



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:04:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mommy, Mommy, I don't want to go to England!

Shut up and keep swimming.



 [calanthe_b](#)

[April 24 2008, 00:43:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You = gentleman.

Just thought you should know.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:10:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, is THAT What I'm doing wrong?

;-)



 [calanthe-b](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:13:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, it's what you're doing *right*.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 02:27:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

hands over a package of graham crackers

and some beer



 [calanthe-b](#)

[April 24 2008, 03:08:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

~munches crackers companionably~

Deleted comment



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 10:54:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sticky. Hmm. I can catch that one with psychology, if not with personal experience, but the advice is worth exactly what you are paying for it, and maybe a little less.

Which is to say, have you *asked* your PoS what you mean to him? Because the setting-tests thing ("If he loved me, he would do X") is not a very accurate predictor of affection, because what somebody else does in a circumstance is not likely to be what we do. Not coming over could indicate a lot of things--insecurity (he doesn't want to look dependent/too eager/vulnerable), disinterest (he's really not that into you), lack of common courtesy (his parents didn't teach him to acknowledge other people and consider their emotions), or, well, laziness. Or being very tired after a redeye flight.

And a lot of times people (especially guys) (especially me!) don't know how to pick up on the implications of what their partners expect of them unless those things are made really clear.

So maybe ask him what gives and let him know it hurts you when he holds you at arm's length before making any unilateral relationship decisions?



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 15:32:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

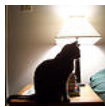
Oh, I just thought of another way to put that.

When we say of somebody else, "If they loved me, they would do X," what we are really saying is, "If I love somebody, I do X."

But barring cheap legalized cloning, we are unlikely to be the person we love.

And frankly, I wouldn't want to live with me if I had a choice.

So sometimes it's more productive to say, "The thing that would help me be happy/meet my needs is if you would do X." Most people you would want to have a relationship with will generally try to do X, if it's a reasonable request. They may not be very good at it, however, so sometimes coaching and forgiveness is required.



 [txanne](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:38:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm sorry. But I'm also really proud of you.



 [cvillette](#)

[April 24 2008, 11:42:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was just going to post something similar in lj.

I am sorry about the Atlanta job, and proud of you for handling the disappointment so well.



 [atheilen](#)

[April 25 2008, 01:56:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm sorry. And I wish there were more like you.

sends virtual cheesecake

 [uffer](#)

[April 25 2008, 21:07:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, damn.

Still, if somebody has to do politics, at least it should be somebody with their head on more or less straight.

Flippancy aside - kindly and gracefully done, that Coyote. Be proud of yourself.

As for bad and cheesy jokes, try looking for the words 'purple wombat' on the interweb. You **will** regret it, I promise.

Three things!

1) Okay, O., She Wants Revenge =
yes. It's like the Eighties rose up
from the grave and came looking

Experimental Whole Wheat Green Chile Robot Bread #1

Yes, baking with your hands is
more fun. And the results have a
better texture, and taste better.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're
coming to an accommodation. If
the dreams are you cleaning